HERE ARE THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE WRITERS WHO

Thoroughbred Racing, Francis Trevelyan and Frank J. Bryan; Baseball, Charles Druden and John B. Foster; Cycling, A. G. Batchelder; Pugil-

M'COY TOO CLEVER FOR DICK O'BRIEN.

Referee Charles White Stopped the Bout in the Tenth Round.

Corbett's Comments on the Battle at the Palace Athletic

Club.

Four Thousand Spectators See It, and a Great gered the falled to Deal of Money Changed Hands.

wings and rushes with a blind bruge courgilistic spectator into pity.

with every swing of the two fighters. of the fierce rushes both men whirl in a ing diamonds. The fists of the sneering stripling fly about his opponent's face as though worked by electricity. The head

Suddenly McCoy drives his right fist flush in O'Brien's jaw. Bown goes the big felcount off the seconds. Slowly and the Boston fighter lifts himself eyes and again faces his pale and active op-Another rush, a flerce passage at arms and the bell rings. O'Brien is saved

O'Brien's Brute Courage. Brute courage may be a great thing. ith never a thought of quitting.

Bang," and he roots around the ring rying in vain to keep his feet as steady as helpless, not knocked out. Charley, stop it!" yell a score

stern philosophy of despair. There are have a shortly before 10 o'clock when the friend skipped through the ropes and to the ring. He is short, blond and ill-necked. He is built on the squat, coad plan of a saryr. He wears a 654 t, and can probably slip his buttoned in teellar over his head. His fingers diate like the fat points of a five-prouged ar from a hand like a bum. They are as go and brawuy as the hands of the men to steered the old-time Roman triremes. Is a gisting, a human sloth, with no stuffed beyond hempen ropes and five-nee mitts. His seconds througed behind in like ferrets around a rat. One clutches towel, another carries a bucket, and a rid holds a bottle, the contents of which had give him hydrophobia. It is water, are are robbings and fannings and whinged councils of war. The seconds waten the other like cars. Of course, none of em would conceal a healthy dornick in a flower, but it is customary in pugilism keep your eyes packed.

on sits McCoy, his opponent, Of all that

o'Brien and McCoy Enter, o'Brien was first to enter the ring, and

the bose McCoy's kidneys. McCoy fabbed the body several times, and rof the round.

The stops the Veriscope Show and Speaks to the lignominiously.



Charles (Kid) McGoy.

the aide by side. The contrast the "O'Brien wont do a thing yells a bad-headed man in a seconded by Jimmy Kelly, Tom McManus, McCoy hears the remark and Danny McBride, Eddie Councily and Dick to escape observation he drove to Per Chester. The Rve residents were disappointed as they had been waiting two hours to see him. It was reported that the main object of the and his hair is carefully combed. McCoy was soon in the ring, followed or of both men are bound ith Con Riley, Homer McCoy, Mike Kelly and mer.

Charles (Kid) McCoy.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., May 26,-"Bob" Fitz-simmons went to Eye Thursday afternoon with

a Few Things About the Sixth Round at Carson.

Another sensation was caused during the veriscope exhibition of the Corbett-Fitz- Pride cometh before a fall, the good book went.

of hit O'Brien as he on body and face. Isst evening, by William Muldoon, who last evening, by William Muldoon, who last evening, by William Muldoon, who last evening by William Muldoon, who last evening by William Muldoon, who last evening the rose in his place at the intermission at the showing their horses made on Tuesday. O'Brien was taking all the punishment, but O'Brien was still strong, and suddenly swing a right on McCoy's ent that staggered the sparrer from Indiana. O'Brien failed to follow up his advantage. "Oh, he's getting tired all right," said O'Brien as the gong sounded.

Fifth Round-McCoy, smilling, resumed his jabbing tactics, and suddenly got a left swing on the forehead that sent him backward several feet. He recovered and jabbed O'Brien a dozen times on body and face, interspersing them with straight right handers that did Dick no good. Just before the gong sounded O'Brien landed a hard right on McCoy's head.

A Dotlet on the Eye.

Taking a triple intermission at the seventh round to make a personal explanation. He occupied a sent in the first row at the right of the house, near the boxes, and the occurrence that he wanted to explain came in the sixth round. He could not speak till the end of the seventh as the fifth, sixth and seventh face, interspersing them with straight right on McCoy's head.

A Dotlet on the Eye.

O'Brien advantage. "Oh, he's getting tired all right," said O'Brien and the occurrence that he was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was sharp and sudden and must flave hurt "dreful," as the chiral was shar

Heard in the Paddock.

FIRST RACE—COLLATERAL, NICK SECOND RACE—BRISK, GOTHAM, THIRD RACE—LADY COOPER, CALCULA-

NON,
FOURTH RACE-GIDEON'S REST (FROHIAN OR BARRISTER), GREAT BEND,
FIFTH RACE-SIR VASSAR, SUE KITTIE,
SIXTH RACE-TRIPOLI, RIGHTAWAY.

Intercollegiate games, Berkeley Oval, Friday and Saturday at 2. Seats, Spalding's two stores: Youman's, 1107 B'way. Trains from Grand Cea-tral and 155th st. Advt.

BROOKDALE'S STAR

A SLAP AT MR. BRADY. PACE BAD THROUGHOUT.

The Official Timekeeper Explains Spectators Shrieked When the Favorite Failed to Respond.

Recting around the ring, his face bathed in blood, coughing and wheeling with effort and vomiting a crimson stream. Dick O'Brien came up for the tenth round of his boot with "Kid" McCoy at the Palace Athieste Club, last night.

For nine rounds the coid, aneering face of McCoy has daneed about the ring like a will 'o the wisp, stabbing, parrying and threatening, as cool as an icicle, and as savage as a tiger. O'Brien lumpes and swings and rushes with a blind bruge courselings, and rushes with a blind bruge courselings, and one of the racing does not constantly be it said, there is such as soon as the house in darkness. But as soon as the form the bouse in darkness. But a knowing who he was. He raised his arm, asking for silence, but the confusion increased. His face was doggedly earnest, little bit before he collapsed." Phrases Hayman & Frank's br. c. Demagogue and he stood till the tunnit was quieted.

"Ladles and gentlemen, I wish to state that what the announcer has just told you and what the press has been giving to the date."

In the bit below he compact he safer the "big" race. But no almount of regret the "big" race. But no almount of regret the big race horse in the country had been attracted by the safer and his conquerer had cut

It all!

It was a Dwyer day, barring the unfortunate investment already mentioned. Besides Handspring, Handspress won for the elder brother, creating a new world's record for four and a half furlongs, thanks to the wind, while Previous and Ben Eder Fifth Race—Handicap; one mile and a sixteenth.

spring was undeniably the fitter. The cole's disposition has altered a good deal and he has become a comparatively singgish horse. Instead of a very free goer. This was evidenced by the tokens his sides showed? The chestnut looked wound up to a nicety, ver, as stready said, his stable were a good deal in the dark. Regultal was a bit finer drawn than when he was publicly tried last Saturday, but still he did not look like standing a bruising race. As for the race, it was nothing. Sims look the lead from the fail of the flag, but was panking Haudsuring a bit to do so, hough the pace was never strong. Griffin took a nice hold of Requiral, and for a rille more than three furlougs it looked is if Requiral could sail by and away from is opponent whenever he wished. The fand was deathly silent, but a kind of trick went un when just about the half lie it was seen that Griffin's demand on continue to give free examinations to all who are afflicted and anxious to get well. This man is able to determine at a glance, and without asking questions, the exact nature of your disease. He has time and again discavered in a few minutes, and caused to be cured, diseases that have baffled the most eminent physicians. Of the two starters in the special, Hand-spring was undeniably the fitter. The



starters won cleverly by a length. In the other two-year-old race Handpress ran four and a half furlougs in 0.32, two and a half

Entries at Morris Park.

Fourth Race—The Eclipse; five furlougs and a half; Eclipse course.

Fifth Race-Handicap; one mile and a six-

they strat-brened for home he looked as if he would go to the bat. A glance at the other horse ressured him however, and he had only to let Handspring lob along as he pleased to win by eight lengths from Requiral, who was utterly done for.

The pace was poor throughout, though Handspring's near side showed plainly where Sims had been niggling at him with the spar. The official fractions, taken by Mr. Baretto and Matt Brynes, were: 0:13, 0:25, 0:35%, 0:51%, 1:05 and the mile 1:st.

Thus the second furlong appears to have been the only really fast part of the race.

Previous won a very good race in the two-year-old handicap. He ran straight and true from each to end and shaking off the challenges issued by all the other three



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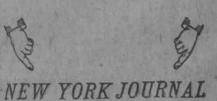
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